

One Sunday Morning

Most Sunday mornings go fairly smoothly when it comes to the flow of timely events. That is partly because I get up at 3:30 AM, just as I have for years. The only problem this created was when I found myself working the late shift. It was then that I would often go to bed at midnight or later and I was forced to stay in bed until as late as 6:00 AM. Normally, getting up at 3:30 allows me to accomplish things which otherwise would be “placed on hold “until after church. Thus, normally, on Sunday morning, I strip the bed and start a load of laundry. Nancy would be leaving at 4:15 to take care of the horses, so I would be left alone to my own devices.

Sunday, September 30, 2007, was no exception to this rule. I had however, scheduled myself to do Communion Meditation in both early and late morning services, so time was a little tighter than it normally would be, but, if everything went smoothly, there would be no problem. From that point on, I entered into the experiential support of Murphy’s Law.

I loaded the laundry into the wash machine and started the load, remembering with horror the time the wash machine “blew a fitting”, causing caused “Lake Baikal” to appear ominously on the kitchen floor beneath the wash machine. Thankfully, this had been repaired and all that remained was the nightmare of “the flood”. The washing proceeded smoothly and by the time Nancy had left to take care of the horses the laundry was ready to go into the drier. This included everything I was wearing with the exception of my bathrobe. Enter Murphy’s Law and its associated corollaries.

When the drier was put in, I set it up on blocks of wood, so as to accommodate the modifications necessary to vent the hot moist air from the drying chamber to the outside. This included a concomitant plywood cover to deny access underneath the drier for those other members of our family entourage, namely Phoebe, Lucille, Rynoa, and Meili. These are three consummately curious and investigative cats and their omnipresent watch dog. It is impossible to make a move which deviates from the norm with out arousing the investigative talents of Phoebe, and the soon to follow Lucille and Rynoa who seem to spend as much time in vociferous protestation of each other’s presence as they do anything else. Within minutes after loading the laundry in the drier, the laundry area, located behind collapsible folding doors, filled with steam; the drier vent tube had come off.

Now I had to re-attach the vent tube and restart the drier. I thought that I would merely access the problem by crawling under the raised drier to reattach the drier hose to the purposely raised drier. Now we had a small problem....The raised drier which would allow a 140 lb man to crawl under it after removing the plywood cover to reattach the hose, made it pointedly obvious that a 170 lb man was “spherically challenged” , and access was now denied. Not so with the investigation team of Phoebe, Lucille, Rynoa, and Meili. Their respective circumferences, being significantly less than my own, would be quite easily accommodated by the area between the raised drier and the floor. So, after “shooing off” the quartet, now I had to tip the drier forward to grab the hose and reattach the drier hose. This had to be done in a timely manner, since the fore mentioned quartet, once “shooed off” were notoriously tenacious in their talents, and my not paying close attention could result in a squad of curiosity seekers disappearing into the “catacombs” of laundry machines.

This brought up several new problems: First, the drier was full of wet clothes, so, I put them in the laundry basket directly from the drier....the water in the clothes now dripped on the floor. Next, the drier was in cramped quarters and I now needed to remove the collapsible folding doors and lift the drier down so I could snare the drier hose and reattach it. (Now I had to get my tool box from the garage.) To access the drier vent hose I climbed over the wash machine demonstrating why the wash machine top is dished in. Remember I am still in my bath robe and still have communion meditations to give later this morning, and the kitchen is trashed. Remember the three cats and the Pekingese dog? They were now going ballistic.

I proceeded with the repair of the drier, and replaced the collapsible folding doors, which went back in with more difficulty than they had come out, and put the laundry back into the drier and started it drying. I was now dripping wet with sweat, I was hungry, covered with drier lint, and I was very angry about the morning events.

A man named O'Toole commented upon Murphy's Law that Murphy was an optimist, case in point....Now came problem 3: Nancy came home from the barn and, seeing the disarray, asked "what's going on?" She was seemingly unsympathetic to my dilemma and cognizant only of the mess in the kitchen.

My original plan of a smooth Sunday morning, with a nice breakfast of French toast, bacon, and juice, ended up as a rushed bowl of cold cereal, preceded by a shower which generated yet another load of laundry. With the drier fixed, the mess in the kitchen cleaned up, and the quartet finally calmed down, I read the scriptures I was planning on reading with breakfast and I finished preparing for my Communion Meditation.

You probably are wondering what this has to do with a devotional meditation. Martha, sister of the raised from the dead Lazarus became distraught at the attention her sister Mary was giving to Jesus when much needed to be done in preparation for Jesus' visit to their home and was admonished by Jesus to pay attention to what really was important. When trying to get to the other side of the Sea of Galilee, Jesus and the disciples were nearly swamped when a furious squall came up and caused the disciples much distress. Jesus was asleep in the boat on a cushion. When the disciples woke Him up He merely calmed the storm. Too often we fail to realize that what is really important is not the little things in life that cause us much consternation, but what is important is that we give God the glory in each situation whether good or bad. God is in charge regardless. The legend of the drier was upsetting, but calmed by the fact that before I started in, I said a brief prayer. When I think back on all the catastrophes I have weathered alone, I am ashamed that all those learning experiences were wasted just because I did not say a prayer as I did one Sunday Morning.

Always Say A Prayer....ASAP

John 11: 1-44

Luke 10: 38-42

Mark 4: 35-41